

The Citizen

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MRS. FROST'S LETTER

Altamont, N. C.

August 13, 1914.

To The Citizen:

Since the last letter we have passed over the Pine Mountain and then Big Black into Virginia over "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." From Big Stone Gap we followed the "wilderness trail" which Daniel Boone passed over.

We stopped a Sunday at Jonesboro the oldest town in Tennessee. Here Andrew Jackson practiced law. He came to the place on horseback, leading another horse and followed by a pack of hounds.

Another man came leading a horse which was loaded down with books. This man founded Washington College, the oldest College west of seaboard states, Parson Brownlow preached in Jonesboro.

In crossing from Tennessee to North Carolina, we climbed the mountain over the same trail followed by John Sevier when he went to the battle of King's Mountain.

We were in one home which has been occupied by the same family for six generations. An aged man told how his grandfather went from that farm to the battle of King's Mountain. By the way, the young man and woman now living on this farm are college graduates, and if anyone doubts that a college education is a good thing for a farmer, he should visit this home.

We sometimes fall in with very interesting fellow travellers. While climbing over a Tennessee Mountain, a man told us of an old man who died there four years ago who had killed one hundred bears in his lifetime. Some two years before his death, he had a severe illness and he prayed that the Lord would raise him up to kill the one bear which would complete the hundred.

This man told us that in his voting district there were something over four hundred voters and but two were democrats.

All along the way, we have found Berea friends. Yesterday we came out to the railroad at a small place, and went to the hotel where we supposed we knew nobody, but we found our hostess to be a niece of Mrs. Planery who has visited Berea. She is running a hotel that appeared as well kept as Boone Tavern.

Now we have reached our final goal. At an altitude of 3,400 feet we find delightful coolness.

We find Burnie Franklin and Maud Bowman teaching the graded school here, and all about us are the pleasant farm homes of Berea students.

Our horses are in perfect condition, and we feel that if time permitted we would prefer to travel the next 445 miles by horseback rather than steam.

Cordially,
Eleanor Frost.

BLOODY BATTLE WITH BANDITS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF W. VA.

Written by an Eye-Witness, Mr. J. C. Bowman

Warnell, W. Va.,
August 16, 1914.

To The Citizen:

The battle is over, and eight lifeless human bodies just hauled in from a mountain ravine lie on the depot platform at Warn Cliff. Three of the posse and the five Italian bandits literally shot to pieces and torn by dynamite, in a gore of blood, form the most gruesome spectacle ever beheld by the people of this country. Such is the uncoveted privilege to look upon this holy sabbath day.

At noon, Friday, Aug. 4, Doctor

Amie, the company doctor, the company book-keeper and the company electrician, left the Glen Alum Coal-Mining Camp on a motor car for Glen Alum Station, which is about four miles away, for the purpose of getting the money due on Train No. 15 to pay off the hands. On their way back they were shot to death in a narrow passage between the hills and found within about thirty minutes by three persons who were following on with the general mail and other effects drawn on a mule cart.

When found, Dr. Amie was lying on the track pierced by seven shots, part of which were from shot guns, and the other two men were lying dead just off the track, gripping each other's hands as if they were shot as they leaped from the car. Each having two fearful holes torn through him. All three men were of the finest type of gentlemen. And the appalling sight seemingly set the fire of indignation and revenge burning within every breast. And it was not long until hundreds of people were ready for the search, and ready to die if needs be, in order that such an awful crime should be punished.

Quick work had to be done. News was flashed to all points which was thought necessary and soon bloodhounds and detectives from Williamson and Bluefield were on the ground and the chase began.

The bandits had secured \$7500 and taken to the mountains. Their trail was easily followed till dark. Owing to the extreme roughness of the territory through which they had gone, pursuit was discontinued till early Saturday morning. Regardless there was a heavy rain during the night, the trail was easily found and followed. The posse of nearly one hundred pressed forward with great determination and speed, and soon the robbers were encountered in the thicket. They fired several volleys at the advancing posse wounding one man—breaking his thigh. The shots were returned with such vigor that the bandits again fled making their way to the head of a ravine in the mountains about four miles from Warn Cliff, near War Eagle.

There they made their last stand, being concealed by a patch of underbrush in the center of which was a large standing oak tree and some large fallen trees which served as a fortification for the bandits. They waited until the leaders of the posse were within about thirty feet of them when they opened fire killing two—Detective Burwell and Squire Belcher. All the other pursuers through wise precaution fell back save Steve the young Hungarian. He stood in the open trail till he emptied his Winchester save one cartridge which "hung." Steve had killed two. Then he took the dead detective's pistols and shot them out taking rest by the side of a tree, with what effect no one knew for Steve was alone. Then Steve loosed the bloodhound from his master's belt to which the dog had been tied and took cover as he had shot out. When Steve came to others of the concealed posse begging for guns, he

was bareheaded, his hat having been shot from his head, a bleeding thumb which was shot while taking aim when he fired the second shot; and two large holes through his coat. Thus all conceded Steve the "hero" of the battle. When Steve came out he repeatedly said: Kill me one time; Kill me two time, give me three time." The men had to hold Steve to prevent him going back where he said he could see them.

The battle raged till night fall, more than a thousand shots being fired, resulting in killing three of the bandits and killing three of the posse and wounding one. However, plan and aim as they may, they could not silence the gang. They were completely fortified on all sides, and it was dangerous to rustle a twig or move a weed lest a deadly missile reached the mark.

They were completely surrounded, a guard being placed every six to ten yards for the whole circle around them.

The officers then tried to blow them up by throwing dynamite over into their fortress but the firing was kept up till dark.

Without food or drink they were guarded till daybreak when one of the robbers crew like a rooster and opened fire again. This was more than the determination of brave men could bear so there was an order of charge given, and they closed in and shot to death the two yet alive. All were Italians of the most haggard and villainous type.

They had divided the money and each had his share in his pocket wrapped up snugly in a bandana handkerchief.

Thus ended the battle of War Eagle in which speedy justice was meted out to five unidentified Italian bandits at the expense of six heroic lives already and the probability is that the two who are wounded will also die, making eight in all besides the robbers.

While I feel proud of the citizenship of West Virginia in fighting to a finish this terrible crime, I must not fail to speak of Steve the Hungarian "hero," a youth of twenty. I shall attempt to get him a hero medal.

A Commandment.

A teacher in a big elementary school had given lessons to an infants' class on the ten commandments. In order to test their memories she asked:

"Can any little child give me a commandment with only four words in it?"

A hand was raised immediately.

"Well?" said the teacher.

"Keep off the grass," was the reply.

—Newark Star.

Rare Specimens.

"Did you see where a woman in Chicago has a dog in the house that talks sometimes?"

"Well, there are plenty in more towns than Chicago who have a man in the house that grows all the time."

Long Ones.

"Have a stormy trip over?"

"Yep. Didn't eat a single breakfast. Nothing but coffee and rolls."

"Did the steward furnish the rolls?"

"No, the ship."

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Defied the President

Grant Would Not Permit Johnson to Put Defeated Confederates to Death

OF all the stories told of Ulysses S. Grant one of the most remarkable is that related by Justice Wendell P. Stafford of the supreme court of the District of Columbia.

Justice Stafford said that shortly after Lincoln's assassination Johnson told Grant he intended to execute all Confederate officers and officials and that Grant turned him from this course by threatening to seize Washington with his victorious army and proclaim martial law.

"Not long after the death of Lincoln Johnson summoned Grant to the White House," said the Justice. "When they were alone he said, 'I intend to fix it forever in the minds of the American people that secession is a crime. Grant was silent. 'I intend to have all Confederate officers and officials put to a public death.' Grant did not speak. When Johnson had finished his harangue, which continued for a quarter of an hour, Grant rose in silence to take his leave. 'What do you mean to do?' said Johnson.

"Then the quiet man made answer: 'I am going back to the camp. I shall move my army upon Washington. I shall proclaim martial law and take command. My reason for so doing is this: I received the surrender of General Lee, which ended the war. That surrender put in my hands the life and safety of every officer and official on the Confederate side, and I hold myself in duty and honor bound to see that they are protected according to the rules of war and common right. You can communicate with me at my headquarters.'"

"Grant returned to his camp, issued the necessary orders and waited for the proclamation. He received word that Johnson had changed his mind. A victorious general refusing to relinquish his command and calling his devoted legions to lift him to a throne—that is an old part on the stage of history. But when before did a triumphant chieftain threaten to take power into his own hands for the sole purpose of seeing justice done to a fallen foe? God never put into a body a greater soul than Grant's." — New York Press.

Waitress Had Not Aged.

He had just reached the philosophical stage when he slipped into a restaurant between bars for a bit to eat. He ordered. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted he did some waiting, too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him, he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!" — Everybody's Magazine.

A Wartime Incident.

General Wadsworth, who was killed during Grant's Richmond campaign, deprived nearly an entire Maryland town of shoes on his march to the battle of South Mountain. His soldiers were barefooted and their feet bleeding from tramping through a rough country. He rode ahead to buy shoes for them, but was treated roughly by two wayfarers. He made them take off their shoes and then proceeded through the town, taking the shoes from every man he met, except a miller, who wanted to contribute whatever shoes he could find in his house, but the general declined his offer.

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MIAMI PUBLISHING CO.
Dayton, Ohio

The Master's Dwelling Place

By REV. GEORGE E. GUILLE
Bible Teacher, Extension Department
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago



These words present a picture of exquisite beauty, a picture of the heavenly calling of the Lord's people, to whom it is given to find his dwelling place and to dwell there with him.

The two disciples of the Baptist had heard his joyful exclamation: "Behold the Lamb of God!" It was the outpouring of a full heart that had found its all in Christ. The testimony of such a heart is never fruitless, for "the two disciples heard him speak and they followed Jesus." And that is the effect of all true testimony for Christ; it moves men to follow him!

The Master's Question.
When Jesus saw them following he turned with a question, one that was in itself quite natural but which has a deeper significance than appears on the surface—"What seek ye?" The import of the question lies in the tone and manner of the asking. On other lips than his, it might mean annoyance, suspicion, chagrin.

But we know perfectly well how such a question was asked by him whose whole life was an invitation to men to come to him, and in whose every message can be seen the outstretched arms of the Savior; and, though it forms a question, it was in reality a loving invitation, that at once drew out the hearts of the two following disciples.

But what does it mean to those who are not following him? What rebuke is in it? And the Lord presses that question upon every man. "What seek ye?" What is the aim of your life? What is its purpose? Have you put first things first? Until Christ gets his place before your heart nothing else can be right. Oh, happy heart! If you can say—"Master, where dwellest thou?" It is thou alone whom I seek, and above all things else I desire thee!"

"Master, where dwellest thou?" He had seen what Christ was to another heart and they longed to discover him thus for themselves. And those words sank into a heart more than responsive to such a desire. How eager he is for us to come to him! "God is faithful, by whom ye were called into the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord." He longs ever to have his own with himself, and we see in the next place—

"Come and see." It is the only answer. There are some things that cannot be told, and the secrets about the Master's dwelling place are among those unspeakable things. If you would know them you must "come and see" for yourself. The only man who was ever caught up to heaven and came back again, said: "I beheld unspeakable things which it is impossible for man to utter." And of these unspeakable, unutterable things, the Master's dwelling place is the present anticipation.

This "Come and see" to following disciples is a call to them to learn of Christ first-hand. Many know nothing of him except through others. They hear what human, faulty witnesses say about him, but they do not learn from him. O, soul, "Come and see" for yourself where he dwells and let him speak to you of "the things concerning himself" with his own blessed lips of truth! Do not wait for others.

No man has ever found his dwelling place and turned infidel. Scoffers and scorners have never been there with him. The rationalist, with his hostile criticism of Christ, has never come to see. No man can find the place where he dwells and abide with him there, without being filled with a deep sense of the reality of the "unspeakable things" and with the overflowing joy of the Lord.

The Response and the Blessing.
"They came and saw where he dwelt." But where? No name is given; no place of earth is mentioned. Why this reserve? He was far from Nazareth where he had made his home, and we cannot forget the words that turned back a would-be follower, "The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

But he has a dwelling place! The eighteenth verse of the chapter tells us about it: "The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father." It is to that place of holy intimacy and companionship with himself to which he invites and welcomes all his own. The Father's bosom, the Son's abode, is the place of blessing for all who will "Come and see."

O soul, if you would know these things that cannot be told, "Come and see" for yourself.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR AUGUST 23

THE WEDDING FEAST.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 22:1-14.
GOLDEN TEXT—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto her, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her own brood under wings, and ye would not." Luke 13:34 R. V.

To catch the full significance of this parable which is alone recorded by Matthew we need to be more or less familiar with the Jewish pride of race and their feeling of superiority over all "heathen" or outsiders, and the history of their treatment of God's representatives, the prophets.

Following upon the parable referred to in our last lesson the Pharisees perceived that Jesus spake of them and they sought to arrest him (ch. 21:46).

In this lesson the figure of the kingdom is changed from a vineyard to a feast.

Relation to His People.

I. The King's Invitation Rejected, vv. 1-7. The change of figure just referred to suggests not alone an occasion of festal joy (Luke 14:16), but also Christ's relation to his people, which is that of a husband to his wife (he being the son referred to, see I Cor. 11:22; Eph. 5:24-32; John 3:29). These Jewish leaders and their nation were first to be invited to the marriage. This had been done by the prophets of old and later by John the Baptist. Under this figure of a marriage our Lord speaks of three different invitations. The first one was received with indifference, but indifference never removes responsibility. The second invitation was received with hostility. Nothing more fully reveals the foolishness and hardness of the human heart than the way in which men treat the gracious invitations of God's love.

Wonderful indeed is the forbearance of God. The sin of rejecting the cross, God's offer of grace, is immeasurably greater than that incurred by those Jews who rejected the "Man of Galilee."

Question of Worthiness.

II. The King's Invitation Accepted, vv. 8-10. Those invited had judged themselves "not worthy." Now go to the parting of the ways where people congregate and "gather them in." Our worthiness is in that we accept, and if we reject we are "not worthy." This command to go outside was a prophecy of the time when the Gentiles should likewise be "partakers of grace."

Those who finally accepted the king's invitation were both good and bad (v. 10), but the act of acceptance was not an assurance of position as we can see from the last part of the parable. It is sad to think of the many servants of the king who have neglected his command thus to go forth and recruit the banquet feast. Finally (v. 10) we read that "the wedding was filled." Heaven will not be an empty place, Rev. 7:9-14.

III. The Unprepared Guest, vv. 11-14. Every guest was scrutinized by the king. It was a strange sight to see one who had neglected to avail himself of the garment freely provided in which to appear on such an occasion. This robe is symbolical of the robe of righteousness with which God will clothe all who accept his invitation, Isa. 61:10; Rev. 19:7, 8; Eph. 4:24; Rom. 13:14. For this man to present himself clothed in his own garment was to insult the king, so our own righteousness is as "filthy rags" in his sight, Isa. 64:6; Phil. 3:9 R. V. When questioned about this act of insolence the guest was "speechless." So likewise will all unbelievers stand one day before the great king.

The Teaching of this parable emphasizes our privileges in the kingdom of God. A full realization of that kingdom means joy, gladness and perfect satisfaction. On a previous occasion Jesus gave us the parable of the Great Supper which so much resembles this. Both of these parables have to do with the attitude of men to the Gospel invitation. There is the further emphasis upon the nature of the answer of men to this invitation. The first is that of men who are blind to the glory and beauty of that which is offered to them, though their refusal was not final. Men, still blind, treat this invitation contemptuously and turn to their own interests, seeking satisfaction, while others shamefully treat the king's messengers. This treatment is followed by swift judgment. Once more the invitation and a mixed company are gathered, some with worthy and some with unworthy motives.

The Master's final words (v. 14) emphasize service and responsibility. The call was an open, general universal one. Those chosen were not only those who came but those who accepted the conditions laid down. The indifferent, or hostile, and those who accepted unworthily were rejected.

The Golden Text reveals the heart of the Lord. He deals in sure judgment; still his purpose and desire is to protect and to gather the children safe from all harm. The doom of the city was pronounced upon it as the result of its refusal to accept this his purpose.